

# The Native American.

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## PROSPECTUS OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

Under the auspices of the "Native American Association of the United States," the subscriber proposes to publish a paper with the above title in this city.

The object of this paper will be the repeal of the Naturalization Law, the re-establishment of the declining character of the Native American, and to assert those rights guaranteed to us by the charter of the Revolution, and re-secured by the brilliant victories of the late war.

In stating the objects of this publication, we imply the existence of a party adverse to those interests so established; and the history of latter days, warrants the belief, that such a party is in existence, but it is one which we must meet and combat on the threshold of our country.

The political revolution which we witness in England, and which is extending itself gradually, but surely, over the continent of Europe, is one indicative of the restless and daring spirit of the age.

A contest between the aristocratic and democratic principles, in which the crumbling but still gigantic power of hereditary right, is vainly opposing itself to the right of the people to be heard in the Legislative Councils, in proportion to their numbers.

Out of these two great parties, the Whigs and Conservatives or Tories, has sprung another powerful body, called Radicals, equally obnoxious to both of the two chief contending parties. The Conservatives fear it with a shuddering and overwhelming fear; and the Whigs, who go for liberal, but not destructive reform, dread this third estate in the realm, because it is composed of the violent elements of society, and disposed to go to the lengths of a revolution or a civil war: consequently, it is the object with both Whigs and Tories, to rid the country of this dangerous intermediate party, and no other surer means is offered than to ship them to our shores. Hence the overwhelming arrival of emigrants. It is nonsense to talk of their innate love of the "democratic principle;" they are nothing more nor less than the materials with which factious leaders in England had determined to uproot society; overthrow peace and government; track the land with their bloody footsteps; and pollute every consecrated avenue, leading to the edifice of the British laws.

In future numbers of this paper, it will be the duty of its conductor, to substantiate these charges by proofs derived from English writers, and explain the anomaly of a civilized country deluging a land with which it is at peace, by treaty and interest, with the most terrible means of legal and political destruction.

Leaving their own land trembling with the electric elements of a great political storm, branded by the good and patriotic, destitute of principle, anxious for power as the means of wealth, regardless of the ties of civil restraint, reared in the Lazarhouses of overtaxed and discontented parishes, hated and detested from their youth to their maturity, these vast hordes of modern Huns, place their feet upon our soil, ignorant of our customs, regardless of our laws, and careless of those great cementing qualities that bind us together as a united and happy people.

To counteract evil influence, arising from whatever cause, the public press has been found at all times, since the glorious era of its discovery, an efficient agent. Its influence goes forth upon the four winds of heaven, and its high voice is heard in the four quarters of the earth. Its eloquence rings in the congregated councils of nations, and it speaks as a Prophet and a Preacher, to the oppressed of all climes. Its influence is felt in proportion to the cause it advocates. All times have tested its power—all causes have acknowledged its aid—and it is now proposed, that the cause of our country and our countrymen, should be supported and made manifest through this great organ.

The times are ripe for our purpose. The system with England to flood this country, has proved of advantage to her taxed landholders—her impoverished parishes—to her government, her aristocracy, and her king. Her ministry have determined to eradicate an evil, not by the enactment of a salutary law, but by the perpetration of an outrage and an injury. The other nations of Europe and the Eastern World, will, and are following, her example. India and China will doubtless take the epidemic of emigration, and to secure themselves against the chances of a plague, the filthy victims of the wrath of heaven, will be shipped to our hospitable shores.

To help to stay this desecrating tide, will be our high and chief aim, and we appeal to the well-judging of all parties, to aid us in the undertaking. In this cause we recognise no minor creed. We look not at the mansion of our President, with an ambition to place any particular individual there; but our eyes will be kept steadfast to the rock of American principles. We will see nothing but the banner of our native land streaming over the extreme confines of our country, and to our ears will come no other prayer than the true American worship, around the altar of American liberty.

The minor objects of the paper will be the advancement of our own indigenous literature: and while we are willing and ready to pay the highest

tribute of merited respect to the literature of other lands, we will not do it at the expense of a native, whose works are not read, because he has not the stamp of a Murray on his title page, or the approbation of a Blackwood on the outside cover of his volume. We will not carry the war of our principles against the shrines of genius—they are sacred, most peculiarly so to our heart, and are above the changing phases of the political dramas.

Domestic and current intelligence shall be regularly given, in a short and agreeable manner.

The proceedings of Congress will be condensed, and sketches of speeches and speakers given during the Session, with lively outline of events as they transpire at the Seat of Government. In no instance will party politics be allowed to bias the editorial pen, but men will be treated with impartiality, and opinion with the utmost and most delicate respect.

HENRY J. BRENT.

Who will fall out with us for the following?

Is it a lady? We cannot believe that any will be found to blush for the glorious victory here depicted of her sex over the famous and the beautiful. Nais is the very compendium of all earthly and feminine worth. Young, beautiful, and tempted; but mark how transcendently powerful is the working of her conscience—how potent the meek-eyed purity of her heart, over the licentious but not entirely depraved prince of Athenian youths.

Without apology, or farther remark, we give the story to the compositor. [Ed. N. Amer.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ALCIBIADES THE YOUNG MAN.

SCENE V.

House of Alcibiades.

ALCIBIADES, ENOPEKTES (a Parasite.)

Alc. You really believe, then, she is still a fresh unsullied flower?

En. If there be such on earth!

Alc. May it not be a mere piece of acting—well played—but got by heart?

En. I will forfeit my best customer—yourself—if you find her of that trim. And beautiful! Glycerium, Nicarete, Timandra, all put together, could not have matched her.

Alc. Don't over do it.

En. What good should I get by overdoing it—to cheat thee for two hours at the farthest?

Alc. Why two hours? Why can't I go this instant?

En. Nay, sir, the dwelling of this family was too wretched. I have just given orders to carry there beforehand some of the most necessary furniture.

Alc. Furniture! For love-making! However, you are right. Has the girl a mother living?

En. (Laughing.) Oh yes, she has a mother! Were mothers not a commodity as certain as fathers are doubtful, it would seem impossible that Nais should be the daughter of Anthilla.

When they stand beside each other, one may see at a single glance the two extremes of beauty and ugliness. Her heart, too—

Alc. (Laughing loud.) Ha! ha! ha! Her heart! Ha! ha! ha!

En. What is there to laugh at?

Alc. That a girl-merchant makes pretence to prate of vice and virtue!

En. Dost take me then—

Alc. (Interrupting, while he thrusts a purse of gold into his hand.) For a person often so useful to me that I must pay him handsomely; as to the rest—this cursed hiccup stops my breath and your—eulogium. Enough, in two hours come to fetch me.

SCENE VI.

House of Anthilla.

ALCIBIADES and ENOPEKTES (entering.) ANTHILLA NAIS.

Alc. (To himself, at first sight of Nais.) By Hercules! the scoundrel has not spoken too flatteringly of her. Much have I seen, but never caught like this. (Aloud.) Forgive me, most enchanting Nais, and you Anthilla, mother of your loveliest of maidens, forgive me for making my way into your chamber, as if I were an old acquaintance. (Enopektes—)

Anth. (Interrupting.) Promised long ago to bring the noble son of Clinias thither; and we count ourselves most fortunate.

Alc. (With a significant look.) (Enopektes!)

En. (Laughing.) How can you suppose me so dull as to require a hint that my absence would be excellent company? The post of sentinel, I presume, may be permitted me. (Exit.)

Alc. (Approaching Nais with his accustomed warmth.) And so we are alone! And I am in company with one of the most charming maidens this earth can boast of! (Takes her hand. She casts down her eyes.) Lovely Nais, may Alcibiades flatter himself with the hope that he does not altogether displease thee?

Nais. (Smiling half-bitterly.) How mightily the dislike of a poor girl would mortify the all-beloved, all conquering Alcibiades!

Alc. I all-beloved!—(Embracing her.) Thou beautiful being—breathing the balm of lilies from lips that mock the rose—am I in thine eyes an all-beloved one? Then—if thou hast not spoken false—I must be beloved by thee. May I dare to hope?

Nais. Alcibiades knows too well, that he may dare hope every thing.

Alc. And obtain it too?

Nais. Ah! (Tears drop fast from her eyes.)

Alc. Dear maiden, why that sigh—as if our talk were of some hidden sorrow? You cast down your eyes—you weep!—If these be tears of virgin coyness, let me kiss away the precious drops. You endure my kiss, and yet you tremble! O, why is this? Why pants and quakes my innocent little dove?

Nais. Dear Alcibiades, art thou indeed—in thy inmost soul—that noble creature Nature made thee in externals?

Alc. I hope it, and I strive to be it—except that sometimes sirens, like thyself, beguile my bark out of its course.

Nais. (With emotion.) Ah! never was maid more causelessly upbraided as a siren than I at this moment. Sail on, thou glorious man, with

favorable breezes! Prosperous be thy voyage! By me may it never be endangered! I would—(stops.)

Alc. What! Nais—you will be so cruel, or so capricious—

Nais. (Wringing her hands.) O that she, who has just gone out, were not my mother! That I dared to speak out freely!

Alc. Thou darest. This beginning—to say sooth—does not augur very happily for me; but thou hast something about thee that wins me altogether to thy side. Speak! Speak with trust as full as if I had come hither for nothing but—friendly conversation.

Nais. Well then—I will venture it! Son of Clinias, if thou be a noble spirit, O seek not thy pleasure here. Thou art too beautiful, too sovereign amid thy sex, for ought but undivided love. Thousands of my sisters can lavish on thee all their hearts. That cannot I.

Alc. (Amazed.) Didst thou not permit me to come here? Knewest thou not beforehand what I came for?

Nais. To confess it fairly, with the open-heartedness becoming innocence—I knew. But ah! that permission was accorded by other lips than mine. Constrained by them, thus much I promised—not to make resistance; and even now, if thou commandest, I follow thee, victim-like, to tremble and to weep, and yet—(covering her face,) to become thy prey, and my own abhorrence. But O, dear, generous, beautiful youth, command not me! Command thyself! She that delivered me to thee, is near to me in blood; be thou nearer yet in soul; be my brother, my more than brother!

Alc. And why hast thou this repugnance to me?

Nais. Who could have that to a man Nature seems to have moulded as her masterpiece? But only hear, in a few syllables, the condition of my heart, and be thou as generous as I am candid! Long, long has poverty been the portion of me and mine. In vain was all the industry of my brave father, in vain all—(she hesitates.)

Alc. Now, wherefore hesitate?

Nais. Alas, she is my mother! And yet I cannot find a word, at once mild enough and true enough to tell her efforts and her means to snatch herself from poverty. But all, all was in vain. Inexorable fate had pronounced on us the doom "be poor!"—and poor we were. In our neighborhood there dwelt a youth—ah! as little like to thee, as my mother to the wife of Pericles; but yet beautiful, yet more than pleasing in my eyes—perhaps because he was the first in whose sight I too seemed charming; the first—the only one to love me with warmest, purest love. He was any thing but rich; and yet his family was opulent compared to mine. Marriage with me would have sounded in his parents' ears as an unheard-of folly—and yet it was his dearest wish, his highest aim. To look upon our want was the torture of hell to him. He did what he could. Two whole years we lived chiefly on what he gained by his work—he is a sculptor—or pinched himself to bestow. In no joy of his fellows did he ever mix; to every indulgence he remained a stranger. The morsel he gave us was often plucked from his own mouth. A hundred maidens were offered him—for he was lovely and beloved. In his eyes I alone was both. (With a tone of agony.) And this youth, for two days past, my mother has forbidden me to behold again.

Alc. And wherefore so?

Nais. Because he could no longer give her all she demanded of him, my father's death having multiplied all our wants; because calamities of their own, mean while, had greatly lessened the fortunes of his family;—and above all (sobbing), because—ah! because—

Alc. (kindly pressing her hand.) Without apprehension, love! You must speak to me, as to a brother.

Nais. Because I seemed to her well grown enough to earn a better income by a shameful trade.

Alc. (with warmth.) By the immortal powers, that shalt thou not!

Nais. Ah! how often since have I wished away the few unlucky charms that nature gave me! How blithely would I have exchanged these feeble hands, this slender make, this face a favorable prejudice esteems as fair, and soft, and comely, for the frame and strength of the meanest wench who maintains herself by honorable drudgery! And when I heard at last that my mother had sold me to Enopektes, in what unspeakable anguish did I spend the night, and nowhere—nowhere found a refuge, until to-day I found it in thy name!

Alc. (somewhat surprised.) In my name?

Nais. Yes! for to-day I first discovered to whom my helpless youth was to be sacrificed. Fresh hopes awoke within my soul. The hero—I whispered to myself—whom all so willingly surrender to, will be far too noble to make a poor maiden miserable—will depart from her so soon as he shall learn, that she may admire, caress, but cannot love him. He, evermore accustomed to see souls and bodies equally his subjects—to receive the proffered kiss—shall he content himself with enforced lips and bought embraces!—O no! no! he is too proud, too great for that!

Alc. (smiling.) Believest thou so? Dear girl, thou mingest truth with error! Behold, even thy passive kiss is sweet to me as the breath of violets! And yet, still sweeter is thy praise. I will endeavor to deserve it. To lay his head upon that bosom would quicken the palsied grey-beard with all the fires of youth. But throbs not, little trembler. My eyes shall be averted. To gaze too long on snow would blind them. Say thou thyself, if I conquer my desires—if I leave thee as I found thee—what dost thou purpose, that a continuance so painful to me may further the alleviation of thy destiny?

Nais. Alas, but little.

Alc. What hast thou then?

Nais. That a good work—once begun—you will not leave unfinished.

Alc. In sooth, a hope I must not suffer to be balked, however hard the victory may be to me! Ah, lovely Nais, these eyes of thine are all too blue, this golden hair too beautiful, these cheeks too blooming—for victory, I must flee!

Nais. (sadly.) Flee!

Alc. (smiling.) In order, some half hour hence, to return with thy chosen one; in order to see thee this very day become his bride; in order—Is thy lover a sculptor?

Nais. He is.

Alc. And his name?

Nais. Scopelus.

Alc. Ha! Scopelus! A name I know already from favorable rumor.

Nais. I have often heard that connoisseurs commended him—as full of genius; but unfortunately—

Alc. That he shall be no longer! My gold, and the gold of my friends, shall soon be weighed against his marble. Let an attic talent be thy marriage-dower, and put thy lord in a condition to live with thee a tranquil seignior in preparation for future masterpieces; and if then—with the loveliest of models before his eyes all day, within his arms all night—he cannot give us a perfect Venus Anadyomene, why, let him break his chisel, and turn what he pleases. Enough, I will never forsake him.

Nais. O thou noblest, thou kindest—

Alc. (pondering for a moment.) Ha! excellent! The sooner the better! Is the house of Scopelus far off?

Nais. Not twenty paces.

Alc. Quick, then, on with thy veil, and away with me. The sight of this surprise I would not barter for two Olympian coronets.

Nais. But my mother—

Alc. (laughing.) O ho! She holds it for certain that I am this moment otherwise engaged than in thinking of good deeds. (Enopektes has the charge of entertaining her; and supposing she should see us go, or seek to hinder us—why, I know my rights, and hers are forfeited. On with the veil, and away with me!)

SCENE VII.

The House of Scopelus.

SCOPELUS (in deep meditation, his head leaning on his hand.) ALCIBIADES.

Alc. (entering.) They directed me this way to the house of Scopelus. Am I right?

Scop. (Starting up.) Yes.

Alc. Must I name myself to thee? or dost thou already know me?

Scop. How should a born Athenian be unacquainted with the lineaments of noble Alcibiades?

Alc. Thou art a sculptor?

Scop. I am.

Alc. And a good one too, as I have heard?

Scop. I could almost gather from thy question that I still must have—what I scarcely hoped for—friends to speak well of me in absence.

Alc. Without further compliment on my side, or overdone modesty on thine, I want for one of my bath-rooms the statue of a Grace. Will thou undertake it, as soon as possible?

Scop. Alas!

Alc. Why that sigh?

Scop. Son of Clinias, thy proposal does me infinite honor. To take commands from thee would be immortality one-half secured. Yet at present I can hardly venture to accept the order.

Alc. And why? I am even prepared to furnish thee a model—a living model—for the work.

Scop. (sighing more deeply.) An advantage I could well dispense with! Ah! before my eyes—before my mind's eyes at least—the model of a Grace is ever hovering. Happy the marble on which an artist could engrave the thousandth part of her charms! But I won't dissemble it; labor—once my highest pleasure—is now a pain to me; perseverance seems an impossibility; and to be early ready a still greater.

Alc. And why this change?

Scop. From the change of my domestic circumstances—ruined by a treacherous debtor; and yet more from the sorrow which an unfortunate—forgive me, Alcibiades; some kinds of sorrow can be on a felt.

Alc. Many a sorrow might be lightened by disclosure to a friend; and trust me, I am the friend of every youthful artist, who gives promise of being one day a great one. Yes! if nothing but domestic cares be troubling thee, I am not only willing to offer thee a large advance, but I give thee my word and hand upon it, this statue shall make thy happiness.

Scop. (shaking his head.) Make my happiness! My happiness? Nephew of Pericles, and now perhaps his successor, thou canst do much; but that thou canst not do.

Alc. First hear my plan, before you set it down as worthless. I know a maiden, fair as a day of spring, and mild as its breezes. Already I counted her my own, when I found to my astonishment that no snare of love could capture her. I tendered her all my house contained: she is poor, and she rejected it. None but her betrothed, she swore, should ever embrace her. At last, that I might have something of her in possession, I tempted her by a huge sum, to promise that she would stand, in seemingly garb, as a model to an artist of her own selection. She has selected thee. Methinks a prosperous omen! Succeed, as thou canst not fail, with this young Grace, and thou hast a rich reward from me, innumerable commissions from my friends, and perhaps, in addition to all this, a maid to wife, pure as the dewdrop on the rose, lovely as the rose itself, and dowered—in requital of her virtue—with an attic talent.

Scop. And though she had Phenicia as her dower; though all the fleets of Tyre were hers, she could not make me happy—could not for one moment charm me. Noble Alcibiades, thy munificence puts me to the blush. Great as it is, 'tis wasted on a man unfitted by a luckless passion for every other happiness of life.

Alc. Perhaps—for this very reason—a new passion might give thee back thy happiness and taste for life.

Scop. Ah, never, never more! The man who for many a year has labored on one little mansion, has thought upon it as a temple sacred to repose and blessedness; has just been hoping soon to place the crowning stone upon its pediment—if a thunderbolt strike it into ruins, what consolation can he gather from its ashes?

Alc. Strange man, who bids thee grope amid the ashes, when thou hast fresh materials at hand, and friends to boot, that will aid thee to build up a better mansion!

Scop. (half transported.) A better than Nais? O, that were to dream of a stronger god than Destiny. No, Alcibiades, thou art a willing comforter, but a successful one thou canst not be, since thou knowest not how much I have lost!

Alc. At least bestow a look upon the Athenian girl, of whom I spoke to thee, and who is waiting without!

Scop. (surprised.) Thou hast brought her with thee, and sufferest her to stand without!

Alc. Without, and yet so near, that with an ear indifferently sharp, she need not have lost a syllable of our conversation. (Opening the door.) Come little love, come in! Long have I made thee wait, but what thou hast overheard meanwhile may perchance have shortened the time. (Tearing off her veil.) See, Scopelus! What think'st thou—poor burnt-out victim—of this maiden?

Scop. Eternal gods! Nais!—Nais here!

Nais. (flying into his arms.) My life! My soul!

Alc. Say yet more—my bridegroom.

Nais. My bridegroom! My chosen one! My all!

Scop. (as if waking from a trance.) Ha! What is this? Thou here in my arms? Whence, wherefore, camest thou? Brought hither in the hand of Alcibiades?—Nais! Whose art thou now?

Nais. Thine, thine forever!

Scop. Mine! Ecstatic word, if it be true—But thy mother forbade me—the rumor—(Embracing her.) Why lose myself in doubts! I have thee here! Nais mine? And has remained my own till now? And will be my own for ever!

Nais. Shame upon thee for the one question! But a thousand times yes to the other!

Alc. I must break thy trance, and give coherence to thy dream. Know then! One hour ago was Nais sold to me; but her heart would not be sold. It was true to thee—and cunning enough to find out the weak side of mine. With the bosom-thrilling tones of virtue she confessed to me her love for thee; implored for mercy, implored for aid. Both I promised her; and both she has kept. Pure as innocence herself, she came into my hands: as pure do I restore her. If I here deliver her forever to thy love; if to her I keep my pledge of a dowry, to thee my pledge of future friendship and protection—are ye then content? Have I then fulfilled my obligation? (smiling.) And wilt thou then, thou quondam labor-lover, shape me after this model a Grace of marble, since the one of better material I renounce?

Scop. O that every drop of blood in me were a tongue, and every tongue had ten men's voice—even then I could not—

Alc. Enough, enough!—My sweet Nais, I leave thee here, if not in safe hands, at least in loving ones. Now I must hasten to thy mother; to still her conscience—and to fill her purse. Soon shall I return, and then away with ye—where ye will have no need of my directions.

AN AFFECTING CASE.—God forbid that we should write out the name of a little girl not yet in her teens, who took her seat on the criminal's bench at the Police Court, and answered to the appellation of Bridget. Her own mother charged her with being a common and irredeemable thief, drunkard, and harlot. Though so young she was perfectly developed. If the flush of habitual intoxication had not tinged her features a brick-dust red, and swollen her eyes, they would have been fair and brilliant. A more afflicting spectacle we never beheld. She can read and write, and a year ago was noted among her juvenile playmates for her shrewdness, scholarship, and intelligence, and yet there she sat, tearless and unblushing, and responded to the questions of the Court with a hardened indifference.

Powers above, what must her life have been to bring a mother to the Police Court with such a complaint! It could not have hurt Abraham half so much to offer up Isaac. The lady stated that the father had bound the daughter apprentice in Andover; but from some cause she had become what she was. He then took her home, but at home, as well as abroad, she defied all restraint, beat her mother, frequented drunkeries, &c. The father said the same things.

The girl did not remember the hour or day of her birth, and the mother who might be supposed to retain some recollection of the circumstance, was almost equally ignorant. 'To the best of my knowledge and belief,' said she, 'Bridget will be thirteen years old next Christmas.'

Court. Don't tell me what she will be—tell me what she is. Going on in this way she will not live till Christmas.

Constable Read. The father is as honest and industrious a man as there is in the city, and so is the mother.

His Honor was hesitating whether to send the tender virgin to the House of Reformation, or three hundred yards further, when a good Samaritan, hoping against hope, stepped forward in the character of master of the House of Reform, and offered to give her one long, last chance of amendment. She went, but wept not.—Boston News.

A NEW DOCTRINE.—A Dublin paper states that the Archbishop of Dublin, in an Ordination Sermon preached in Christ Church in that city, advanced a position, which if not entirely new, it is at least new to see supported on such authority. The Dublin Mail, the paper referred to, says:

The drift of his Grace's observations, as we are given to understand, was an attempt to rescue the character of Judas Iscariot from the imputation of having basely, and for mere lucre, betrayed his Divine Master, and sold him for thirty pieces of silver. In his Grace's opinion, the Apostle was influenced by a higher and nobler motive—by a faith which, confiding in the omnipotence of the Son of God, believed that the delivery of him into the hands of his enemies, would have redounded to his immediate glory by evoking a miraculous display of his power, authority, and Godhead. This opinion, if delivered, is so new—so counter to the interpretation and belief of all Christendom, from the earliest ages to the present, that it obviously requires of the divine who broached it, if it has been broached at all, to give to the public a satisfactory reason for the faith that is in him—or to state unequivocally that he maintained in public no such theological rhapsodies.

Important.—It is stated in a London paper, and it is said that the information may be relied on as correct, that the Queen Victoria is exactly five feet two inches in height, and that her shoulders are finely formed.—Boston Journal.